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THE SPECTATOR

HAMILTON COLLEGE

Hamilton's Only One-Day Daily

God Bless Gen. MacArthur

Volume VI | CLINTON, N. Y., FEBRUARY 27, 1953 | NUMBER 15

TOBEY HUNTS LOCAL DOPE DUPES

Clinton, N. Y.—Feb. 27, (SP.)—"This nation under God shall see a new birth of freedom,' shrieked Senator Charles Tobey late this afternoon, hip-deep in the Oriskany Creek, just north of the bend near Cunningham's garage. Spluttering with rage at waterfront gangsters who have made a "den of iniquity" of a once beautiful scenic landmark, Tobey paused dramatically in the middle of his speech as he labored frantically to extract a wriggling ten-inch rainbow trout apparently immeshed in the trap door of his union suit.

Tobey and his congressional investigating committee were brought into the case early this morning at the request of local authorities. The scandal broke late last night, when Cromwell Yates, 64, of 713 Fountain St., came out of Keith's Luncheon and spotted a large whale lying on the bank of the Oriskany Creek. An hour or so later, he returned to the tavern for witnesses to corroborate his story; but when they arrived at the creek, the whale had miraculously disappeared.

Important Matter

The incident was reported at once to Police Chief Hubert Slocum, who, sensing the importance of this matter, arrested Yates as a material witness and held him for interrogation. Close questioning of Yates revealed further startling developments.

Slocum: "When did you first see the whale, Yates?"

Yates: "Eh?"

Slocum: "Hard of hearing, eh, Yates?"

Yates: "Eh?"

Slocum: (Shouting) "All right, Yates, WHEN DID YOU FIRST SEE THIS WHALE?"

Yates: "Yep!"

Pencils and paper were quickly procured and the interrogation proceeded rapidly as the two men wrote notes and passed the scraps of paper back and forth. Yates, a retired process-server, proved amazingly adept at this method.

Slocum's note: Didn't you think it strange to see a whale on the bank of the creek?

ates' note: Eh?

Slocum's note: Dammit, Yates, we're *writing* now! All right! You left the store at 11 p.m., walked to the creek and saw the thing there. *Didn't you think it strange to see a whale on the creek bank?*

Yates' note: Nope, leastways I'm allus seein' pesky critturs like whales an' sech when I'm comin' outa the store. But this one were diffrint. He smelled somethin' turrible.

Slocum's note: Good man, Yates! Can you describe the smell?

Yates' Note: Well, sir, 'twas kinder like the odor o'—burnt almonds.

Slocum, (shouting excitedly to his deputies) "Good God, men—AMBERGRIS!

Chief Slocum immediately connected Yates' story with a teletype report about a fortune in "hot" ambergris, feloniously smuggled out of the Hayden Planetarium last month in a cleverly simulated whale skin. Feeling that the problem was now too hot for local authorities to handle, he called Washington, asking for senatorial investigation of the entire Oriskany Creek Waterfront.

Pacing The Floor

Our Washington correspondent reports that early this morning Senator Tobey was restlessly pacing the floor in his tiny room at the Washington Y.M.C.A., eagerly awaiting

(Continued on Page 3)

Local Locomotive Runs Loco Locally

Clinton, N. Y.—Feb. 27, (SP.):This afternoon, the news spotlight of the nation swung dramatically from the recent railroad station tragedy at Washington, D. C. to the tiny, upstate community of Clinton, N. ., where the second worst train disaster in the history of the Mohawk Valley occured at 4:37 p.m.

A runaway handcar, hurtling into the little town of Clinton completely out of control, raced around the bend near Keith's luncheonette and left the rails, raining terror and destruction upon the quiet, rustic settlement.

Jumping the track at high speed, the machine plunged through the side wall of Frankie's Tavern, causing great damage and knocking one Cromwell Yates, 64, a retired process-server, off a stool where he had been sitting quietly.

Chicken Missed

Striking the bar, the car caromed out through the front wall of the tavern, narrowly missing a chicken and eventually plowing into a parked fertilizer truck. Oddly enough the crash failed to awaken Fido, the large spotted mongrel usually found hanging around the back of Ed Keifer's gas station, who was dozing under the vehicle.

The Public Safety Commission, which is investigating the accident, has informed reporters that as soon as their men can dig through to where Samson Calicax, operator of fthe handcar, is imbedded in the fertilizer, they will interrogate him as to the cause of the disaster.

At latest report however, the authorities are operating on the assumption that either Calicax was distracted by a provocative dry-cleaning ad in the window of the Modern Tailor Shop or that the railroad employee, an avid reader of "Mechanix Illustrated," was attempting to "stunt-drive" his handcar when the tragedy took place.

Local businessmen are clamoring for an immediate cleanup of the accident area, fearing that the sorry condition of lower College Street will turn away trade; but the Commissioner of Public Safety has announced that all evidence will remain untouched until after a thorough investigation has been made.

An interview with irate owner of the demolished fertilizer truck, Sam Traskins, revealed his indignation over the entire affair. "It's a helluva country iffen a man caint park his fertilizer truck on public street without some damnfool runs his railroad car inter it! I lost nigh onter three ton o fertilizer in that crash, and iffen I don't git paid, I'm agoin' ter raise the Godawfulest stink about it you ever did see!"

Piano To Take Queen's Measure

Clinton, N. Y., Feb. 27 — (SP). Tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock, three faculty judges will choose the 1953 Queen of the Hamilton College Winter Carnival. Judge Frank Piano (noted expert) has hopefully lengthened his tape measure, in the event that it is a memorial occasion. The girls will be judged solely on their beauty. The judges have been asked to refrain from testing any of their talents, which may be outstanding.

The Queen will be crowned at the formal dance in the gymnasium tomorrow night. She will be attended by 10 beautiful dancing girls scantily clad in sweat suits and snow parkas.

Dave White, social committee chairman, will award the Queen a treasury of valuable gifts. Included in the prizes are: a crisp, new one dollar bill donated by Clark Minor; a one-way ticket to Capri, given by Ingrid Bergman; a talent tryout with King Farouk, donated by Mickey Jelke; a new book entitled *Paradise Lost* by Christine Jorgenson; and a life-time supply of Hamilton men, presented by the sponsor.

Flash...

Copenhagen, Den., Feb. 27—(SP) The Danish Ministry of Health announced today that Christine Jorgenson's doctors have been awarded fellowships for one-year of study at Neuter Dame University in the United States.

Crooks Get 30 G's

Clinton, N.Y., Feb. 27—(SP). Burglars ransacked the Acme Alphabet Soup Company last night, police revealed today. An inventory showed the only missing items to be 30 letters taken from the G. box. The theft would never have been discovered if an alert worker had not noticed that the G's remaining in the bog were disarranged. "It was easy," he commented, "I noticed they weren't in alphabetical order."

"In the morning, a quick prayer is better than a cold shower."

—Dean Hamilton

Winter Carnival Schedule

Friday

8:00 — Hamilton vs. Stevens - basketball

10:00-2:00—Dance sponsored by Psi U and Deke at the Deke House

11:00—Variety show at the ELS House
Traveling and house entertainment

Saturday

8:30-11:30 a.m.—General Skating (no hockey sticks)

11:00— s(NO)w sculptures judged (providing it has snowed heavily since Wednesday)
Winter Carnival Queen judged in the Baker Memorial room

3:00 — Hamilton vs. Cortland—swimming
Hamilton vs. Clarkson—hockey

5:00 — Fraternity cocktail parties

6:30 — Fraternity banquets

9:00-1:00—Formal dance in Alumni Gymnasium. During the intermission the Buffers, the Hill octet, will sing. Afterwards, a College Dixieland combination will play.

Sunday

9:00-12:00—Jazz concert at the ADP House featuring Bob Michaelski's Dixieland Five.

Sell Stock Shares Or Get Out Fast, McEwen Warned

New York, N. Y.—Feb. 27 (SP). The Board of Trustees of Hamilton College moved swiftly today in an effort to force President Robert W. McEwen to dispose of nearly half a million dollars worth of stock he owns in companies doing business with Hamilton.

"Sell or leave," the Trustees were quoted as saying, after a meeting at the New ork apartment of newly-elected Trustee, Charles F. Wilson, formerly of General Motors but now employed by the government. The Trustees would not say what prompted their action, although Wilson did remark, "It is improper, indecent, insidious and insulting that this situation should exist."

When reached for comment, President McEwen would only chortle gleefully and say, "Why, gentlemen, this .is ridiculous The companies in which I own stock have nothing to do with Hamilton. And if they did, I would pass any purchasing decision on to a subordinate, naturally!"

Rich In Poor

A check on Poor's *Handy Handbook of American Capitalists* showed that the President who(formerly was a midwestern professor and librarian) had holdings which were "suspicious, to say the least," As a Trustee put it. The companies include: The Clinging Ivy Corporation, The Hard-Rock Sandstone Quarry, The Clinton Courier, The Snappy Tree-Clipper Service, Inc., The Ether Ice Rink Company, Puerile Pocketbooks, Inc., The Home For Retiring Professors Corporation, The Dandy Dormitory Furniture Associates, The No-Sleep Tablet Company and the Handel Pipe Organ Company.

"I must say that I think it is strange that the profits of all these firms have risen sharply since McEwen took over here at Hamilton. Could this be more than a coincidence," one steely-eyed Trustee queried.

Another Trustee remarked, "Even if so-called influence peddling were not involved, I think it wrong and certainly wicked and un-American that any one in education should earn more than $3,000 a year. He should sell the stock!"

To Sell Ties

With the next step in the financial tangle up to President McEwen, it was noted by New York observers that the stocks of the companies involved fell 20 points on yesterday's market. Local observers significantly noted that President McEwen was selling his Dodge, calling his daughter home from Europe and planning to get a part-time job selling neckware in Gorton's. "It could mean something," he said sagely.

Crooks Get 30 G's

Clinton, N.Y., Feb. 27—(SP). Second story men were responsible for an early-morning robbery at Garfinkle College for women, authorities of the College announced this morning. A check showed that the only articles missing are thirty Block G sweaters which were to be awarded to the members of the Varsity crew. The loss was noticed by an alert Hamliton College student who happened to be in the dormitory at the time and got up to investigate. He is not available for comment.

FLASH-U. S. government to sue Danish doctors for tampering with U. S. male.

X MARKS THE SPOT—Deputy Sheriff Seth Crombers points to the spot at which the whale was stranded. Police Chief Herbert Slocum stands by, ready for anything!

Parker To Hang In Louvre: Paris To Celebrate Event

By Charles Rose

Clinton, N. Y., Feb. 27—Paul Parker, professor of art at Hamilton, was notified today by Monsieur de Brancourt, President of the Board of Foreign Selection of the Louvre, that one of his paintings has been chosen to be hung in the Louvre's permanent collection.

Mr. Parker's picture, entitled *Dawn over Hopper Street*, will be hung between Prud'hon's *Eros* and Ingres' *Le Bain Turc*. (The Turkish Bath). Mr. Parker was 'overwhelmed and delighted' by this sudden honor, but showed surprise over the selection. "It is not one of my better paintings," he said.

Dawn over Hopper Street, or *Hopper*, as Mr. Parker calls the work, is a picture of a woman getting on a New York State Transit bus with a large cantaloupe and a bunch of scallions. The homely smile of the woman's face is particularly inviting. As a symbol of modern life, Mr. Parker has placed a porcelain jug filled with cigarette ash in the gutter by the dented bus stop sign.

Mr. Parker went on to say a few interesting things about the artist in modern America. "Art is a continual struggle to gain the ultimate perfection. Take *Mona Lisa*, for example; that's true form magnified ultimate reality."

Mr. Parker will board the *Ile de France* in a few weeks and sail to France where he will unveil his painting before the President of the Republic and Princess Margaret Rose, among other notables, at the International Art Exhibition.

As for future plans, Mr. Parker said that upon his return, he hopes to 'rest his brushes awhile before painting the ceiling of the College Chapel."

SONG FAVORITE

In a recent poll conducted by *Beatup*, the -musicians' magazine, it was reported that the American Association of Plumbers had chosen for their theme song, "You Go To My Head."

"Candy is dandy
But likker is quicker."

—Winton Tolles

Tenors To Trip; Alumnus Doles Travelling Dough

Clinton, N. Y., Feb. 27 — (SP) A generous grant from a wealthy alumnus will enable the Hamilton College Choir to make its annual 50,000 mile spring concert tour once more.

The tour this year will include appearances for: The Buddha Junior League, Siam; The International Convention of Midgets held in Gnome, Alaska; and the War saw Polka Protective League, Poland. Selections to be sung on the tour will include "If anyone asks me am I the king of, I'll say Yes Siam," "The GotchaPolka," cowboy selections from the "Bach Corral," and a few quick ones from "Beethoven's Fifth."

President of the Choir Ignatz Underslung, announced that because of the huge expense of the trip, the size of the Choir must be cut to four. He also specified that these selected few must all be tenors, since that section has been particularly weak all season. Mr. Underslung, a baritone, tendered his resignation immediately following his announcement.

Crooks Get 30 G's

Clinton, N.Y., Feb. 27—(SP). Vandals were blamed today for destruction done in the Rippling Rhythm Piano Works last night. Apparently armed with a tuning fork and a pair of pliars, the culprits tore the G keys from thirty pianos. The damage would have gone unnoticed if an alert employee had not discovered the loss. "It was easy," he told reporters, "I tried to play Bach's Minuet in G and nothing happened. It sounded like *Silent Night*."

Adlai Gives Nod To Dick's Ascent In Party Ranks

Albany, N. Y.—Feb. 27 (SP) The rise of a powerful new Democratic political machine in New York State was ordered this week by Adlai Stevenson, defeated Democratic standard-bearer in the 1952 presidential election.

Informed politicos in the capitol hinted that Richard Muniz, assistant director of public relations at Hamilton College and newly elected head of the Kirkland Democratic Club, would soon take over the State organization from Richard Balch, Utica fishing tackle manufacturer. Muniz reportedly has a closely-knit coterie of devoted pro-Stevenson men at Hamilton ready to assist him in the shake-up, which could extend to Washington's highest minority party councils.

Campaign Train Caucus

Albany sources said Balch stood ready to resign, "since Governor Stevenson, our titular leader, wants completely new faces all up and down the battle line." Ben Valentine, Hamilton '53, apparently was responsible for bringing Muniz before Stevenson during a tete-a-tete on the campaign train in Utica last Fall. Valentine, who was president of Hamilton's Students For Stevenson, presented a Hamilton banana to the candidate.

"I'm ready to stick behind Boss Muniz," the Albany power remarked. "Stevenson was astounded by the wonderful job he and his friends did in bringing the Hamilton student vote down from 5 to 1 Republican to 3 to 1 Republican. He apparently has learned fast the techniques of winning votes, probably from his Utica Democrat friends," he said.

Standing ready to work on the Muniz-run State committee are the following men:

1. Cal Torrance, Hamilton '55 and student representative to the Kirkland Democratic group. Torrance, a hard-hitting, devil-may-care politician of the old school, will organize the state's college students behind the Donkey for 1956.

Barrett to Replace Harvard

2. Edwin Barrett, assistant professor of English at Hamilton and a member of the Kirkland Democrats. Barrett, who, like Dickens, wants reforms, will eventually replace Harvard's Professor Schlesinger as chief Democratic speech writer.

3. Landon Rockwell, associate professor of political science at Hamilton and also a Kirkland Democrat. Rockwell, a constitutional law expert, will work with a staff of New Deal lawyers to prove that the Constitution prohibits Republican presidents. He will also consult with

(Continued on Page 4)

Weather Watching

Clinton, N. Y., Feb. 27—(SP). Warm winds blowing in from the torrid zone, mostly by way of the east, this evening. However, some cold fronts, even approaching frigidity, expected from incoming elements. High pressure systems are predicted to overcome this condition by Saturday night. Laboratory readings warn of abnormal and suddenly changing conditions. The general situation will be snowed. Monday forecast: Much colder with heavy blizzards.

Blood Bank

There will be a Blood Bank at the New Hartford Presbyterian Church on Friday, March 6, Call Utica 42167, for appointments between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m., or use the return postcards on the mail table in each fraternity. The Armed Services need blood: give some of yours if you have any left after this weekend!

SPECTATOR
HAMILTON COLLEGE

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Our Noted Authority Says:

An Apple A Day

By Dr. Corpus Calliosum

"Omnes Gallia en partes dos divisium est." All Gall is divided into either stones or bladders.

As a medical man whose primary concern has always been bodily rather than mental ailments, I rejected the pseudo-science of psychiatry early in my long and distinguished career, roundly denouncing psychiatric therapy for the demonological claptrap it is. My decision to eschew that branch of our profession was confirmed by pecuinary interests, also, namely, at that time I could not afford a couch.

Wasted Money

Since the publishing of the "Kinsey Report" I have developed a similar antipathy for the field of clinical psychology. Consider the absurdity of spending six dollars and 98 cents to find out I'm a pervert!

But the purpose of this column is to inform my readers about all the latest therapeutic techniques, and so, regardless of my personal views on the merits of Freudian Psychoanalysis, I present the following case:

Last week a clean-cut young man walked into my office complaining of recurring attacks of insanity. Firing his revolver several times at my receptionist, he gracefully swandived into a wastepaper basket, threatening to swallow huge quantities of "Carter's Little Liver Pills" should I refuse to psychoanalyze him. Reluctantly I assented, and motioned him to recline on the davenport in my waiting room.

Adapting myself readily to the Freudian technique, I began the questioning. "When you see two dogs together in the street, what are they doing?" I cautiously inquired.

"Digging for a bone," was the prompt reply.

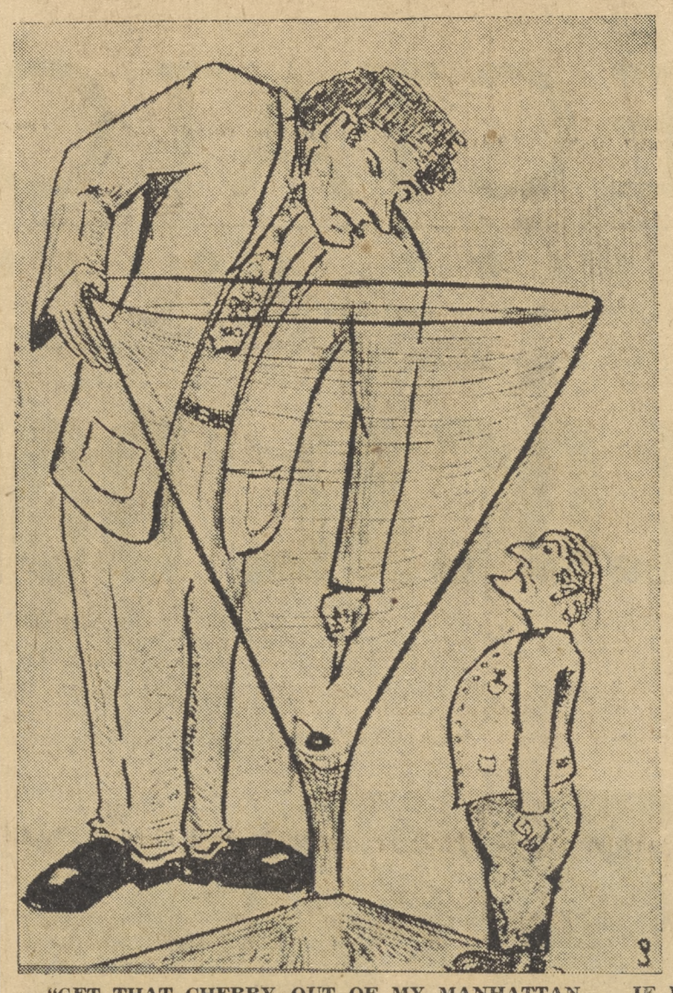
"Ummm," I murmured, carefully noting his answer, "And what is it that a cow has four of and a woman has two of?"

"Legs," was the immediate return.

"Hmmm," I muttered, noting this also, "And what is it a man does standing up that a woman does sitting down?"

"Shake hands," was the unhesitating response.

And that was an example of modern psychoanalysis. In this case, of course, there was nothing at all wrong with the young man, but you'd be surprised at the damn fool answers I get to those questions sometimes!



"GET THAT CHERRY OUT OF MY MANHATTAN — IF I WANTED A FRUIT SALAD, I WOULD HAVE ORDERED ONE!"

Pillars Of Post

Every now and then embarassing little situation arise in our social life that call for quick thinking and ingenuity. It will never hurt any of us to study a few of these occurrences, so that we will be better prepared to handle them when they come up in our own life. For example, I have a most interesting query today from A. K., Albany, New York, who writes:

"Imagine my perplexity when, arriving at the punch bowl simultaneously with six others, I found only one cup of punch left. One of the contestants has passed out, but the rest of us are still awkwardly jockeying for position. I dont want to use force. What should I do? Please hurry . . . "

Thank you, A. K., for your most interesting query. Now let's roll up our sleeves and work out a solution.

Ploy No. 1 In a lower class remark: "I didn't think anyone would drink the punch after the bartender spilled CH3 CH2 OH in it.'

Ploy No. 2 In upper middle class society again effect nonchalance and utilize one of the following subploys:

Sub-ploy A. Use a female accomplice to divert attention. She should be be low cut and strategically placed.

Sub-ploy B. Throw an empty cup into the farthest corner, and abscond with the bowl during the confusion.

Ploy No. 3 In upper class society, be dashing, gay, and devil-may-care. Cry "Last one in is a (Choose one: mustiline mamhorse's derriere)" and plunge your face into the to lick up the last drops.

Surely one of these solutions will fit your case, A. K. If not, I suggest you go down fighting by smashing the punch bowl, so that no one can get any more than you had.

Party Tips:

Let Us Have A Good-Time Brawl

How to lose friends and dissuade people.

The following are some suggestions for interesting party games that will amuse and fascinate any one from 5 to fifty.

1. *Hop-scotch*: Materials, several rabbits and a bottle of Haig & Haig. Allow rabbits to drink the Scotch and then run around the room. This is an interesting study in rabbit habits and the effects of liquor on bunnies.

2. *Scallops*: A new game derived from that old favorite, "Sardines". The lights are turned out and everybody hides. There is no object to the game, but no one ever complains.

3. *Button, Button*: A button is concealed somewhere in the room and everyone searches for it. There are many variations of this game.

4. *Fish-in-the-bowl-game*: A gold fish is dropped in the punch bowl much to the amusement of the host and hostess. (For a more refined group, a sweat-sock may be used.)

The Letter Box

Rabid Rooter:
London, England:
"Blimey, you Americans, I can't wait until they 'ave the big fight between ol' Joe Walcott and that bloomin' Rocky Marachino. I'm wagerin' my 'ole load on Jersey Joe."
Queen Elizabeth

Loyal Fan:
Clinton, N. Y.:
"Tell all those jerky Dodger fans that the Giants is gonna maul them Bums this year. Oh boy, are the Jints ever gonna go!"
R. W. McEwen

DIRTY business:
Formosa:
"Don't you think it's about time Little Orphan Annie changed her dress? That little brat hasn't put on a clean blouse in 10 years.
Lum Fong's Hand Laundry
"Hands laundered Whil-U-Wait"

Missing:
New York:
I would appreciate your sending me information on how to go about placing a "lost" ad in the Lost and Found Column of your paper.
Christine Jorgenson

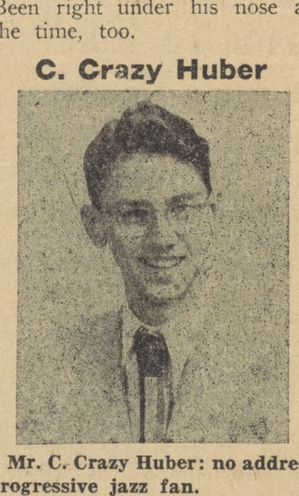
Buttons:
Clinton, N. Y.
Would any of the readers of this paper be interested in three gross of "We Need Adlai Badly" buttons I found around the house?"
Rocky

Raving Reporter

Location: One of Clinton's busiest corners

Question: Are you satisfied in your present occupation?

Rufus Furrows



Mr. Rufus Furrows, Paris Hill-farmer.

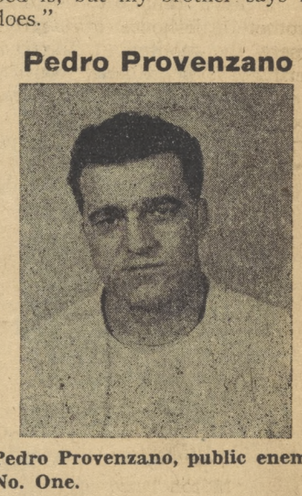
"Ayah, I'm happy I guess. I'm a dirt farmer. Yessir . . .Raise the finest dirt around here. Started out with a little plot of dirt and worked my way up. Owe my success to 4H. Learnt the ABC's of dirt farmin' from 'em A—agriculure. Ain't nothin, better'n knowin' agriculture. B—Busy—gotta work hard to raise dirt. C-chicken fertilizer. There's the secret, chicken fertilizer. Chicken's knew about it for years, but man just found out. Been right under his nose all the time, too.

C. Crazy Huber

Mr. C. Crazy Huber: no address progressive jazz fan.

"Do I dig my occupation? That's a cool question, dad. I'm in the drug business. In a store, man? Don't be squarey, I push my stuff on the corners. All the cool cats smoke my brand, they 're what made Gillespie dizzy. How do I like it? I'm gone on it, gone on it. How about my tie? It's no fore-in-hand, Jack, it's a glad hand. I'm off to see my broad now. Hope she slips me some skin. (Eritor's note: "Slip me some skin" may be translated as "shaking hands.")

Johnny Friedler



Mr. Johnny Friedler, Paris Hill, schoolboy.

I am going to grammar school. I am in the third grade. I hate it, except for geography. Our teacher is teaching us about Russia and how nice it is. Decadent capitalism is a device of Wall Street. Abraham Lincoln said that. I hate filthy capitalist war-mongers. I hate girls too. They are both decadent. I must go now, or comrade principal will be mad. My father says our school is a hotbed. I don't know what a hotbed is, but my brother says he does."

Pedro Provenzano

Pedro Provenzano, public enemy No. One.

"My real name is 437569, but you may call me Pedro. I do not partcilarlly like my occupation as public enemy No. One. The pay is good, but there is litt'l chanct for advanctment. I am ambishus by natcher and have never rested until I reached the top of the ladder which now, I feel, finally, I am at. I onct had a legitomat job in a un'nerwear factory, at which I was pullin' down 4,500 a year, but I forewent 'it for a lustrous lifetime of crime.

INTELLIGENCE TEST

Dr. Derriere Goodjohn

Score one point for each correct solution of each of the first five problems. The last problem counts five points.

1. Who of the following is a famous Chinese philosopher?
   Winnie the Pooh Charlie Chan Uncle Wiggily Bess Truman
2. American youth are now engaged in a mortal struggle against which of these?
   Korrea pyorrhea diarrhea gonorrhea
3. Which of these is a famous baseball double-play combination?
   Donner to Blitzen to Prancer Patty to Laverne to Maxine
   Groucho to Harpo to Dumbo Barten to Batten to Dursten
4. A girl who encourages the advances of men is which of these?
   wooed lewd shrewd delightful
5. A man who does not enjoy the company of young women is which of these?
   tactless sexless peerless unique
6. Some of the qquotations below are from Abraham Linciln, while others come from Benjamin Franklin. If you think a statement is one of Lincoln's, then encircle the letter L in front of it. For Franklin encircle the F. You are entitled to one point for each correct judgment.

L F (a) "Where is the men's room?"
L F (b) "Where is the ladies' room?"
L F (c) "Quick, quick, the mop!"
L F (d) "Ram, bam, pardon Sam!"
L F (e) "Don't give up the ship!"

Answers to be found on comics page.

Under The Table

By Goeffrey Motts Applejuice

Because of the increasing popularity of Canasta, Samba, Caramba and the Tango (popular new game for two), our Bridge column has been crowded off the pages, forcing us to postpone our report of the National Intercollegiate Faculty-Student Bridge Tournament held in 1941. The fascinating table of the evening was that of B. Rudd, NE, and L. Lundin, SW, pitted against D. D. Noyes, NW, and R. Gumerlock, SE. The tables were scattered about the room in a most haphazard manner.

Rudd and Lundin displayed an uncanny ability for bidding an accurate contract, and brilliant defensive leading. However, there were occassional hands dealt that even Noyes and Gumerlock couldn't help making. The bidding of one hand follows:

Rudd: "I suppose I dealt, as it were. One club. (Aside) What a pretty girl this queen is."

Noyes: "Two and a half to open. Eighth, sixteenth, hum de dum. (Singing to himself) Who stole my heart away . . . (looking under table) Pass."

Lundin: (Looking intently at the back of partner's hand, muttering) Cut corner on an ace, green dot in the corner, king."

Rudd: "Robert, put on your glasses."

Lundin: "Oh. . . oh, my yes . . . One spade."

Gummerlock: "How much for big casino? (Singing) "I'd trade all the diamonds . . . Pass."

Rudd: "Ouch! Why did you pick tonight to start wearing shoes, Noyes? but let that pass."

Noyes: "Pass."

Rudd: "It's not your turn, Noyes. I'll bid two spades.

Noyes: Two spades!

Rudd: "That's what I bid, Noyes."

Noyes: (Singing) "If you've got a heart and if you're kind . . . Pass."

Lundin: "Our opposition seems to possess an unhibited inclination to sing, Mr. Rudd. Well I can sing too. "Deuces to me are all aces. . .

Rudd: "For God's sake, Robert, stop bidding then."

Lundin: "Four spades."

Gummerlock: (Singing) "Here is a heart that is lonely . . . Pass"

Rudd: "Gummerlock, are you through blowing your nose? If so, I pass."

Noyes: "Six diamonds."

The bid was made when L. Lundin mistook his aces for deuces and threw them away and Rudd became enamoured with his queens and refused to give them up.

GIFT TO QUEEN

This year's Winter Carnival Queen will receive two cartons of milder smoking CHESTERFIELDS. The gift is made throug the cooperation of your campus CHESTERFIELD representative and the Liggett & Meyers Company, makers of CHESTERFIELDS.

BROWNIE NOES

The Brownies of the Somerset Central School will present a pageant and bean supper Thursday night. The pageant will be a dramatization of the three rules of Brownie Behavior, known as the Brownie Noes. "Miss Brownie Noe" of 1953 will be chosen.

See It Now! "Nigeria"

From the man who gave you Rita, Lana, Heddy ,and Jane comes this dripping, gripping, unzipping saga of the East! See nature in the raw, see action in the raw, see Marilyn Munraw.

A lot of water has gone over the dam during the filming of this epic. Don't miss the beautiful scenery, the carrion bells, the undersea caverns, and MARILYN MUNRAW, Maid in the Mist. See the falls and MARILYN lit up! Thrill to her great rendition of "Kiss" which leaves the audience in short pants.

For a truly magnificent collosal picture, be sure to see "Nigeria". Miss Munraw is ably supported in her role.

Gowns worn by Miss Munraw in "Nigeria" are by Cellophane.

What You Said!

Often misprounced: "Whitsuntide," observe the final "e".

Often misspelled: "xylophone" —observe the vowels.

Use a word three times and it is yours. Today's word is: "quahaug" —A roundish edible American clam; hard clam.

"Eat this quahaug little boy."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but that is not a quahaug. I believe I am correct when I assume that a quahaug is a roundish edible American clam; a hard clam."

"By God, you're right!"

Munraw Is A-Slop In Slushy Sex Sea

By Marcia Swamp

It's all wet! Imagine wasting 4239⅔ feet on pure sex! As a movie, "Nigeria" is a bust, but as a bust it's O.K. The only entertaining shots are of the falls themselves.

This film is merely a travelogue with Marilyn Munraw thrown in for good measurements. She parades in dresses that leave little to the imagination; lurid backless evening straps. Marilyn looks particularly lovely in the dress dsegined for her by Johnson & Johnson.

Miss Munraw is not an unattractive girl. She is a comely wench, and should eventually develop more, although she is well developed now. My advice to Marilyn—"Keep your chin up".

A Heap O'Livin'

By Edgar Knows Best

It takes a heap o'livin' it up
t' make a carn'val date
Happy.
A heap o' lovin' an' likin'
an likker,
An' ye sometimes don't succeed
Even af'er givin' her your
roomates radio
'Sides a reg'lar party favor.
It takes a heap o' patience
to last it through the night
Afore ye peep o'r your beer mug
An'point out Nature's wonders
To your homely, homely date
When the great red sun at dawn
Looks on the snowless campus,
The snowless boveen pasture,
An' unsowed pig!

For The Kids:

Tails Of Nature

By Thorny Burlap

It doesn't take much to make some people happy. Charlie Chipmunk was happy, Uncle Moses Muskrat, the postman, had just delivered his new Sparkle-Plenty fly rod, and Charlie was going fishing.

Max Baer looks to see who has just stabbed him in his bear bottom.

"Hey kid, where you running to so damn fast?" It was Bertram Bullfinch.

"I am going fishing in the babbling brook," Charlie answered.

Charlie left Bertram and hurried to the brook. There he tied on his brand new Royal Coachman trout fly, which he had received with his Sparkle-Plenty fly rod, and began to cast. That is, he tried to cast, but actually it was only a half-cast attempt. Suddenly he heard a roar of rage. He looked up and discovered he had hooked Max Bear, who had been bathing in the Babbling brook.

"Damn kids are a menace," Max Bear muttered, as he extricated the royal coachman fly from his Bear bottom. "Watch where you're throwing that thing yiu little caster!" he shouted.

(Cont. next week.)

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IN OUR HALL

By "Biff" Hall

Today, fans, I'm not going to talk about the sports scene in terms of its glamour and its victories. Instead, I'm going to devote the whole column to a story without parallel in sporting annals for pathos and tragedy.

Last week while I was on my mid-western junket following the semi-pro Whist playoffs, I stopped for gas in a small Indiana town. Leaving the car momentarily, I had one of the most surprising experiences of my life. I met Wally Argo working as a men's room attendant. It certainly is a small, small sports world.

I wasn't immediately sure that this thin, dungareed figure was the man whose meteoric career we had all followed from that historic spring day in 1936. That year, you may remember, was the year Hans Obernoenetz, the then obscure mentor of Grover's Gap State Teacher's College, noticed a loosely-knit student emerging from Sociology 606 and remarked to a nearby maintaintance man, "See what I mean? I never get no material."

But soon the sporting world saw that Hans was wrong. Wally took to the gridiron at the age of 28 (his freshman year), and from there on we all know the story. He alone was responsible for overwhelming Green Grove, 46-7, crushing Totters Falls, 35-0, and edging the vaunted Golden Plovers of Utah State 14-9.

We all know this story, and perhaps even better what followed. Wally shunned professional offers to turn his efforts to the bettering of the sports picture and the American way of life. My conversaion with Wally gradually gravitated to the numerous commercial and philanthropic enterprises Wally had been connected with. For several years he and a well-known benefactor who had already given the country an inexpnsive butter substitute, founded a number of young ladies' seminaries, which, as Wally said, were "Conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition." At the same time Wally's rent-a-plane service flourished, although the business was seasonal in nature. (We all remember when "Argo Fly-Yourself" was a household expression.)

I don't want to dwell on the rest of the story—Unscrupulous promoters, dishonest managers, and others of their ilk, who represent the scourge of sports and a constant threat to its great heritage, soon exhausted his moral and financial resources.

Goodnight, fans, and remember, "If you can't play a sport, fix one."

Fencers Foiled In Vassar Tilt

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Feb. 27 — Hastily borrowing white coats from the local waiting staff, the newly-organized Hamilton College Fencing team journeyed to Poughkeepsie last Wednesday. There they engaged in free-swinging and spirited competition with the aggressive Vassar Varsity.

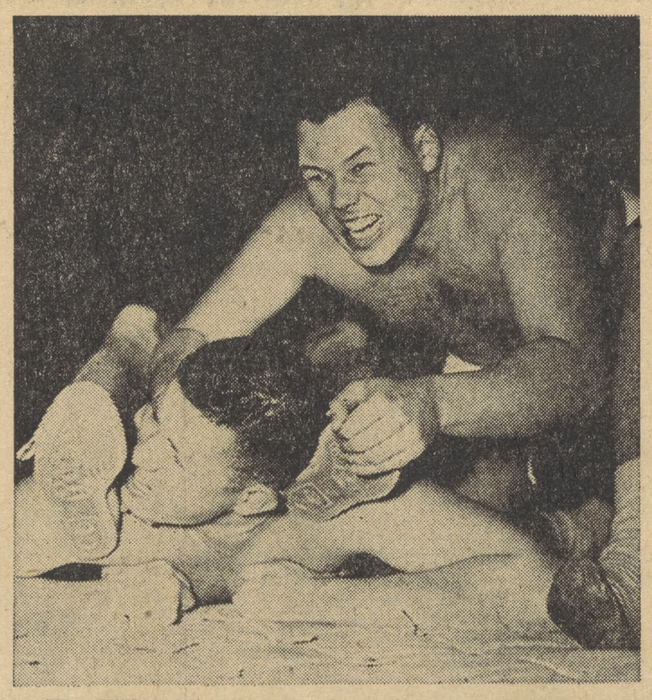
Hamilton was handicapped by loss of their No. 1 man, who was sidelined with a torn ligament in the right pinkie. The team, however, proved that chivalry *is* dead and pulled every trick in the book, eventually losing, though, 6-3.

A dash of color was added to the event when our No. 4 man had part of his left ear flicked off. Transfusions were served after the match. Block H sweaters will be awarded posthumously to those members of the team who will remain in Poughkeepsie indefinitely.

Deb Vandersmash Makes Gay Splash In Ute's Fast Set

By Chaz Knickerbocker

Bunches of scallions, handsomely placed against a backdrop of turnip greens, furnished an exquisite setting for the introduction to fast-moving (17 mph) Mohawk Valley Society of P. Crosely Vandersmash last Wednesday evening in squash court number 3. A host of his friends (the gathering was conservatively estimated at five) greeted Mr. Vandersmash as he received with his mother the former Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. P. Crosely was fittingly dressed in ballerina-length Bermuda snorts, a Theta Delt T-shirt wih fitted bodice and bedroom slippers virtually covered with daintly sequins. His mother was attired.



"Wee Willie" Winship grits his teeth and puts on the pressure as he subjects "Bonny Prince" Paunchly to a toe-hold in their bout at the auditorium last night. Winship won. (Story on this page.)

Socialite Goes Ape Over Her Fiance

By Al Coleman

New York, N. Y., Feb. 27 (SP)—It was letarned here yesterday that Monte Astasia-abasia, young English socialite, will soon announce his engagement to Miss Toto Tito of the Bronx Zoo Monkeys. We hurried to Mr. Astasia-abasia's treehouse in Central Park to interview the prospective bridegroom.

Simply Elegant

Following the reception, the crowd moved on to the North-East ballroom, where Down-BeatDesmond and his Real Cool Society Two, Babe, played for dancing. The refreshments consisted of slices of bologna placed between two pieces of bread, and the whole cleverly disguised to resemble bologna sandwiches. A punch bowl, in which a live swan floated gracefully about the surface, was filled with Lady Montagu's favorite punch, equal parts of molasses, oil of peppermint, and estrogenic hormones. The swan added a quaint touch of elegance, but did seem a bit theatrical. As one guest remarked, it was ''about as subtle as a bird in a punchbowl."

He Feels It

The dance floor was soon gaily filled with happily dancing couples, and P. Crosely Vandersmash was soon gaily filled. He obligingly posed for photographers, while casually leaning against his Jaguar Runabout and hol ding his pair of championship boxers. In reaching for his Herbert Tareytons, he commented, "It's really grand to be in society. I feel I have arrived."

He told us that he first saw Toto when she was catching for the New York Yankees under the pseudonym of Yogi Berra. "Later I met her at a cocktail party where she was drinking hot toddy. We exchanged drinks and I had a taste of her toddy. It sure was hot!"

Mr. Astasia-abasia is very much in love with his mate-to-be. "Yes," he said, "I'm really ape for that girl. I'm sure we'll have a hairy old time together." He told us that Miss Toto is socially quite prominent; "in fact," he remarked, "big baboons tend to run in her family."

How did he come to fall in love with an ape? "It runs in my family," he answered. "My uncle was a Franciscan monk." As we left him, Mr. Astasia-abasia was gayly humming the current hit tune, "Gorilla my dreams, I love you, honest I do . . ."

"Free coffee and doughnuts in the PX Sunday morning"
Smiling Jim DeForrest

Wee Willie Crowns Prince Of Grunters

"Wee Willie" Winship won the last of three falls to best "Bonny Prince" Paunchly of Tottering-on-Brink, New South Wales (pronounced N'wS'th'ls) last night at the auditorium, but it took two dozen high school girls to do the trick.

Paunchly won the first fall lat 17:76 using a special hold he has devised known as the 'Bucking'am Bend," which is dedicated to the "glory of 'er 'ighness." The hold consists of nailing the opponent's hands and feet to the canvas with orseshoe nails, and then jumping up and down on the groin until 'e jolly well wishes 'e'd ever henterred the bloomin' ring."

Winship Bounces

Winship bounced back, though, to take the second fall in record time.

It was during the wrestling for the third fall that the Donnybrook broke out. Winship was having the better of it, when the Bonny Prince's valet, Lor' Blimey, threw in the hammer and nails for the "Buckingham Bend." As the Britisher finished nailing his opponents right wrist to the mat, an uproar was heard from the 50 cent seats. In a few seconds the "Wee Willie Winship" fan club of Crampton's Corners was streaming down the aisle, bearing signs which said "You can put your shoes under my bed, Willie," and "What do you think of our Union, Jack?" the latter obviously a slap at the Bonny Prince's national origin. The girls did not stop at the ring, but climbed in, freed Willie, and beat Paunchly out of the ring with their signs. He was counted out on the ring apron.

Animal Behavior

Paunchly, who weighed in at 269 pounds, three, and a ha' penny, refused to comment after the bout, but your reporter sensed he was a bit chagrined, as he muttered something about "You can jolly well take your bloomin' photawgropher and. . ." His valet, Lor' Blimy, issued the following statement to the press:

"'is bloomin' bloody lordship is somewhat perturbed over 'is unsportsmanlike defeat to this "Wee Willie" chap. 'Twas evident from the blomin' onset, that 'is lordship was givin' 'im "what for" and 'e would ha' beaten 'im if those disgrycful juv'nals 'adn't 'a displied such animal-like be'avior."

In the curtain-raiser, Shepherd Shepard left his sheep long enough to pasteurize Milk Man McGarrity with an elbow hold he calls the "Shepherd's Crook." In the second event, Professor Gladstone Bagg used trigonometry and calculus to fend off the mysterious oriental style of the "Masked Mongol," as they wrestled 30 snappy minutes to a draw. The semi-final saw "Alcoholic" Alexander reel into the ring and take a rousing fall with his "elbow bend," although his opponent, Dr. Dudley Denton, M.D., used a pile driver effectively.

Dope . . . con't

news of more waterfront scandals he could investigate. Electrified at this request for help from Police Chief Slocum, Tobey frantically making preparations for the new campaign. Phoning CBS, NBC, The *New York Times*, The *Herald Tribune* and 12 television networks, he explained the situation, impressing upon them the need for absolute secrecy. He called the members of his committee at once, ordering them to pack, assume disguises and to meet him within the hour at the predetermined meeting place—the third stall from the left in the men's room at the Greyhound Bus Terminal. Although disguised, the other committeemen were to recognize their leader by three small blue crosses embroidered on the saddle-blanket of the white stallion he'd be riding.

After the meeting and three large press conferences, Tobey rushed back to the Y.M.C.A. to complete his packing. Working at fever pitch and humming a few frenzied strains of "Abide With Me," the Senator gleefully set about flinging his equipment into the trunk, including the usual pair of hip-boots, portable television camera, "God Bless Our Home" sign, and half-empty bottle of "Vitalis" he keeps for sentimental reasons.

Ladies There

Embarking by plane for the Utica-Rome Airport, the Senatorial Committee was welcomed by an enthusiastic crowd of W.C.T.U. ladies. To the women present, the mere associations of the word "waterfront" had become so repugnant that many of them, as a protest measure, had begun bathing their children in whiskey. Senator Tobey quoted a few scriptures for for them and, pausing only to disrtbute among the ladies several hundred autographed copies of the New Testament. He left by car for Clinton, accompanied by full police escort.

Senator Tobey and Police Chief Slocum are now hard at work on the investigation, and having borrowed for the occasion the geniune, pedigreed bloodhound which usually hangs around the back of Ed Kiefer's gas station, they visited the the spot where the whale was last seen this afternoon.

New developments are expected very shortly.

Bowling Club Athlete Found In Gutter

A prominent member of the Hamilton College bowling team was found in the gutter last Saturday night. He has been suspended while N.C.A.A. authorities study the case. Said one of their spokesmen: "There is a rumor that the whole thing was framed. We must spare no one though, to keep our sport pure. This is right down our alley, and we must strike."

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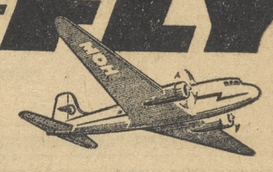
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Politics . . . con't

Louis Bean, George Gallup and Elmo Roper about election trends.

4. Earl Count, professor of anthropology at Hamilton. Dr. Count will attempt to convince the public that Democrats constitute a master race.

Wires Are Hot

Rog Hagerty, Hamilton, '54 and son of President Eisenhower's press secretary, has remarked, "They aren't fooling anybody. I have my eyes open—and, believe me, the wires to Washington are hot with news."

One possible barrier to the Muniz selection is a report from Senator Joseph McCarthy, who has proof that Muniz was a Young Republican while an undergraduate at Hamilton. "Since he has repudiated his loyalty to sound Americanism, I don't think he should get any job," McCarthy announced.

Health Quickie

The correct medical term for a woman who cannot give birth to children is: (Check the correct answer)

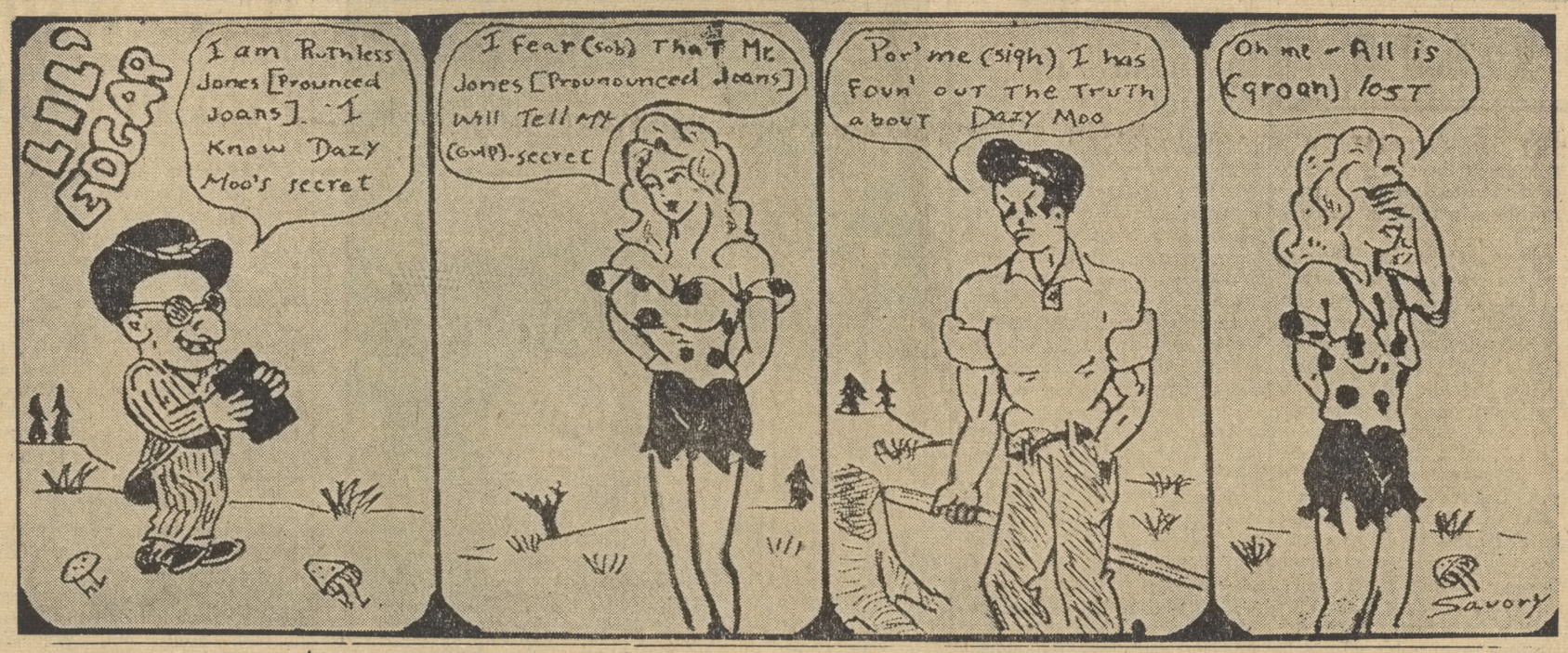
1. . . . UNBEARABLE
2. . . . INCONCEIVABLE
3. . . . INSCRUTABLE

For correct answer, see comic page.

Crooks Get 30 G's

Clinton, N.Y., Feb. 27—(SP). Thieves gained entrance to the Gaiety Burlesque Theater in Clinton through a lavatory window late last night and made off with the costumes of thirty chorines. The loss would have gone unnoticed if it had not been for an alert employee.

Found: A small baby, on "to be shelved" section of Hamilton College Library. Child is now on open reserve, and may be borrowed for two weeks at a time.


I am Ruthless Jones [Prounced Joans]. I Know Dazy Moo's secret
I Fear (sob) That Mr. Jones [Prounounced Joans] Will Tell my (GulP)-secret
Por' me (sigh) I has Foun' out The Truth about Dazy Moo
Oh me - All is (groan) lost
Savory

CLASSIFIED ADS

Lost: Initialed handkerchief with "Rub, don't blo?" embossed in gold letters. Return to "John" in South dorm.

Personals:

Notice: Will the person who stole my car please return it? In the back seat you will find $10,000 in cash and the superintendent of schools in Clinton. It's not the money, it's the principal.

Wanted: 15 piece band to play Saturday night job at Hamilton College, must have initials TP on bass drum. Contact Ham Col Social Committee immediately.

Woman: For indoor work in fraternity house. Age 76-84. Work mornings. Box 268.

Girl: For indoor work in fraternity house. Age 17-21. No references. Box 269.

Notice: I will not be responsible for disease contracted by anyone other than myself.
Michael Jelke

Notice: I will not be responsible for dates contacted by anyone other than myself.
Hamilton Student

Edna: For God's sake come hom My shirts are dirty, the baby's diapers are wet, please come home. Nothing has changed.
Jim.

Jim. I won't come home. Nothing has changed.
Edna.

Lurid . . . con't

from the red-light district."

At this point in Pat Ward's testimony, the judge barred the press from the court room and ordered a 10 minute recess to regain his composure. During the recess, the bailiff administered smelling salts to an elderly woman who had fainted while Miss Ward was on the witness stand.

District Attorney Johnstone upheld the press ban, saying, "The sex probe is becoming too lurid (viz. above) to be exploited by the tabloids without completely sacrificing dignity."

"Please do not taste, chew or digest our books."
Walter Pilkington

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Mr. Ed Barnes of Forest Hills announces that he has finally got a job.

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